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OPENING
OF THE
THIRD SESSION
OF (*I think*) THE LAST
UNREFORMED PARLIAMENT:
5 FEBRUARY, 1822.

KING'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have the satisfaction of informing you, that I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

It is impossible for me not to feel deeply interested in any event that may have a tendency to disturb the peace of Europe. My endeavours have, therefore, been directed, in conjunction with my Allies, to the settlement of the differences which have unfortunately arisen between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte; and I have reason to en-

ertain hopes that these differences will be satisfactorily adjusted.

In my late visit to Ireland, I derived the most sincere gratification from the loyalty and attachment manifested by all classes of my subjects.

With this impression, it must be matter of the deepest concern to me, that a spirit of outrage which has led to daring and systematic violations of the law has arisen, and still prevails in some parts of that country.

I am determined to use all the means in my power for the protection of the persons and property of my loyal and peaceable subjects. And it will be for your immediate consideration, whether the existing laws are sufficient for this purpose.

Notwithstanding this serious interruption of public tranquillity, I have the satisfaction of believing that my presence in Ireland has been productive of very beneficial effects, and all descriptions of my people may confidently rely upon the just and equal administration

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of the laws, and upon my paternal solicitude for their welfare.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

It is very gratifying to me to be able to inform you, that during the last year the Revenue has exceeded that of the year preceding, and appears to be in a course of progressive improvement.

I have directed the Estimates of the current year to be laid before you. They have been framed with every attention to economy which the circumstances of the country will permit; and it will be satisfactory to you to learn, that I have been able to make a large reduction in our Annual Expenditure, particularly in our Naval and Military Establishments.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have the greatest pleasure in acquainting you, that a considerable improvement has taken place in the course of the last year, in the Commerce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom, and that I can now state them to be, in their important branches, in a very flourishing condition.

I must, at the same time, deeply regret the depressed state of the Agricultural Interest.

The condition of an interest, so essentially connected with the prosperity of the country, will, of course, attract your early attention; and I have the fullest reliance on your wisdom in the con-

sideration of this important subject.

I am persuaded, that in whatever measures you may adopt, you will bear constantly in mind, that, in the maintenance of our public credit, all the best interests of this Kingdom are equally involved; and that it is by a steady adherence to that principle that we have attained, and can alone expect to preserve, our high station amongst the Nations of the World.

THIS is, to be sure, a very poor concern. Inelegant, ungrammatical, and undignified. The statement as to commerce and manufactures is wholly incorrect. These, like farming, yield *no profit*. The state of both is worse than at any former period, as may be seen by any one who looks at the prices of wharfs, stores, ships, cotton, and all other great articles connected with these concerns. As to *Ireland*, no man in his senses thinks that ever *can* be tranquillized without a *Reform of the Parliament* to blow the *Orange-System* to atoms. And, with regard to *Agricultural Distress*, that is not the name for the thing, which ought to be called, the *Last Gasp of the Pitt-system*; but, of this, and of "*Public Credit*," here so pointedly mentioned, we shall hear

enough by-and-by; only let me remark now, that the writers of the speech seem to have anticipated some sort of assault upon the thing called the "*National Debt*." They seem to have *smelt this out*, some how or other, that there existed a disposition in the Landlords to pull down the Debt by one means or another; and they thought, doubtless, that it was desirable to make a *bold stand* at the outset; or rather, to throw up a rampart before the enemy actually made his appearance.

The *debates* in the two houses were full of interest to the attentive observer, though there was not much of *shine*. I cannot give *speeches*; and must, therefore, content myself with a sort of general view of the thing, adding thereto some remarks upon here and there a particular point. All other subjects are nothing compared with that of *Agricultural Distress*, or, in better phrase, **RENTS OR NO RENTS**; for that is, as clearly as daylight, *now the question*, and the only question, worth the attention of any politician or legislator in this country, and, indeed, *in the Holy Alliance countries also*!

I shall by-and-by notice what was said by the *Prime* stern-path-of-duty man. In the House of

Commons the address was moved by Mr. ROBERT CLIVE and seconded by a Mr. DUNCOMBE, of whom I never heard before. Sir FRANCIS BURDETT moved an *adjournment* for two days to give time to consider the matter of the speech; a very proper motion, and one that I would make a stand at till I obtained my object; for, who is to *form a judgment* in ten minutes upon so many subjects of such immense importance! This motion was, however, lost. Mr. HUME afterwards moved *an amendment to the address*. The address was, as usual, an echo to the speech, and Mr. Hume moved to have the following words *added*.
 "That while we return to your
 " Majesty our most grateful thanks
 " for the various reductions in the
 " naval and military establish-
 " ments which have taken place
 " during the last year, and by
 " which some diminution of ex-
 " pense has been saved to the
 " country, yet we should ill dis-
 " charge our duty to your Majesty
 " if we did not direct your Ma-
 " jesty's most serious attention to
 " the distress which prevails in
 " every part of the country.—
 " That we feel it our duty to
 " represent to your Majesty, that
 " the distresses proved to exist
 " before a Committee of this

“ House, constituted last Session
 “ for the purpose of inquiry, have
 “ considerably increased, and that
 “ the owners and occupiers of
 “ land, together with the labourer
 “ and artizan dependent upon
 “ them, are in a state of unexam-
 “ pled difficulty—a state the more
 “ alarming, because it does not
 “ appear to be the result of tem-
 “ porary causes, but in a great
 “ measure owing to the operation
 “ of excessive taxation, dispropor-
 “ tioned to the reduced value of
 “ property, and aggravated by a
 “ temporising and ruinous system
 “ of finance.—That we humbly
 “ entreat your Majesty to be
 “ pleased to direct such reductions
 “ in every branch of the expendi-
 “ ture, from the highest to the
 “ lowest, as may enable us forth-
 “ with to relieve a faithful people
 “ from a part of those burthens
 “ which at present press so heavily
 “ upon them.”

I must confess that I do not think this amendment happily *worded*, and I could have wished, that upon so important an occasion, a fully *showing of causes* were made; for, as the thing was *to be lost* in the House, it should have spoken *more plainly* out of it. After getting what you want, the next best thing is to *prove* that it is wrong to refuse it to you. The

words need not have been more in *number*, but they might have *expressed more*; carried more *right away* into the minds of the people. However, though not so good as I *could have* wished, the motion was substantially good, and was preceded by a very striking detail from Mr. Hume. The House, at last, divided upon this motion, when it was *lost*, 89 for it and 174 against it.

In the course of these debates several very interesting things came out. The main of which, however, were the *intentions* of the pretty gentlemen at Whitehall, which were as follows.

1. That very little is to be done in the way of reducing taxes; 2, that the Sinking Fund is not to be touched; 3, that the funds themselves are not to be touched; 4, that Peel's Bill is not to be repealed; 5, that a loan of *five millions* is to be made to the *land-people* by the *government*, that is to say, out of the taxes *raised upon the land-people themselves*!

1. There was no argument used against the reduction of taxes, except that it would injure “*public credit*,” though admitting this to be worth any thing, which I do not, it would, I take it, be very difficult to explain how an enormous standing army, an enormous

civil list, enormous sinecures and pensions, large sums for secret-service money; how any, or all, of these, with the barracks into the bargain and also the military academies, can be wanted to sustain "*public credit*." Mr. DUNCOMBE did, indeed, hint at something that might still require a great standing army and roomy barracks; and, as this was *all* that was said, bearing upon this important point, I will take his words. "He was aware there were those who contended that this relief could not be afforded without a *great reduction of taxation*, and rigid economy [hear, hear! from the Opposition;] but he would ask, who were those who were so ardent in this cause as to follow up their object without regard to the policy or security of the country? Some immediate remedy however should be applied to the distress; and he had no doubt that some such remedy would be adopted. He might be allowed before he concluded to congratulate the House that the *disaffection* which some time ago had shown itself in the manufacturing districts of the country had *entirely disappeared*, and had been followed by perfect tran-

quillity [hear, hear!]. This effect was partly produced by the wise measures of Parliament, but in a great measure, as he trusted and believed, by the *internal prosperity of the country*. While he stated this (as he was not in the habit of addressing the House,) he might be permitted to add, that he must be a *superficial sort of observer* of the state of the country, who was ignorant that *there still existed those who were ready to seize every opportunity to attack the constitution of the country, and to bring its institutions and all its established authorities into contempt*. That such persons did exist he was convinced; some actuated by hopes of seeing the effect of *theoretical systems*, some by the love of gain, and some by the mere antipathy to whatever was fixed and established. But our Constitution was so broad in its basis, so solid in its structure, so beautifully connected in all its parts, and so well adapted to all the members of society, that sooner or later its superiority over every form of Government in the world must be seen and acknowledged [hear], and so far from being weakened by the shafts of ma-

" *lice*, it had derived *new strength*
 " *and vigour from the assault*
 " [hear, hear !].

Well, then, what has it to *fear*?
 What in the way of *expensive*
force can be wanted to provide for
 our "*security*?" From abroad
 nothing is to be apprehended;
 for the King himself says, that he
 continues to receive the most po-
 sitive assurances of the friendly
 disposition of Foreign Powers.
 Therefore, the use of an army
 seems a dream in this case, where
 the "*beauties*" of the constitu-
 tion as now in practice are so
 great as to make us all in love with
 her. Those persons who, for *love*
of gain or love of *fun*, may wish
 to tumble her over, cannot be very
numerous. Nay, Mr. DUNCOMBE
 did not point out even *one*, though,
 I suspect, he had *one* in his eye.
 But, surely, it can never be ne-
 cessary to keep up an army and
 barracks for the sake of keeping
 in check that *one*! If that be all,
 let either of the three learned
 Whig-lawyers draw up a bill for
 that *one*; and, *he* will soon be
god rid of I warrant you!

But, the *fact* of taxation being
 even *one* of the causes of the
 distress of the landlords and far-
 mers was *denied*! Gad Zooks!
 And who denied this? Why, no
 less a man than Mr. Brougham's

Oracle, for whom LORD DACRE,
 the other day, at Hertford, ex-
 pressed the *highest respect* and
 most ardent *affection*! But, let
 us take Mr. RICARDO's words, for
 the thing does, at first sight, ap-
 pear absolutely incredible: "Mr.
 " RICARDO said, he could not vote
 " for the Amendment of his Ho-
 " nourable Friend, for though he
 " fully concurred in every senti-
 " ment which that Amendment
 " expressed in favour of economy
 " and retrenchment, he could not
 " agree with his Honourable
 " Friend as to the causes of the
 " present Agricultural *distress*.—
 " That Amendment stated one of
 " the causes of Agricultural dis-
 " tress to be the *present taxation*
 " of the country. In this opinion
 " he could not concur; for one of
 " the causes of distress was ac-
 " knowledged to be the *low price*
 " of the produce. He could
 " never agree that taxation was
 " the cause of that *low price*."

There are cases, when we can-
 not express our surprize by arti-
 culate sounds, called words. The
 Yankees, who are a very manner-
 ly people, never burst out upon
 you with a horse-laugh; but, in
 cases that produce this in us, they
 draw up their breath, and, putting
 their lips forward, send out, with
 great force, a sort of *half-whistle*.

Having learnt a good many of their habits, I, upon reading this passage, involuntarily sent forth a *whee-ee-ough*, that almost blowed the Morning Chronicle out of my hands! What! Taxation not the cause of distress, *because* it is not the cause of low price! God of Moses, do I hear this from the "greatest *arguer*" that LORD DACRE ever saw! My prices are fallen two thirds and my tax remains the same as before the fall, and yet the tax is *no cause* of my distress, *because* it has not been the cause of the low price! By the beard of Aaron I shall go mad! What! I am, for years, selling my wheat at *fifteen shillings* a bushel; I pay Mr. Vansittart *three shillings* tax on it, and I am doing very well. But the Bank and Mr. Peel come and make me sell my wheat at *five shillings* a bushel, while Mr. Vansittart compels me still to pay the *three shillings* in tax on it, and I am ruined; and yet Mr. Vansittart does not cause any part of my distress, *because* it is not he, but Mr. Peel, who has made me sell cheap! It is not the thing itself here; it is not the conclusion; it is the *reason*; it is the *because* that makes one *whee-ee-ough*! Is it any wonder that we are in our present state! Is it

any wonder that the very foundations of all property are shaken, when this is said to accord with "*all the principles of political economy*!" I do not like to talk of *pork*, in such a case; but, if, when the farmer's herd of swine ran headlong into the sea, a Jew-taxgatherer had come to him for the price of the swine, and threatened to jail him if he did not get the money, would the poor fellow have said that this demand did not cause his distress, *because* it was the devil that had taken away his herd of swine!

Mr. BENNET did, indeed, express his *astonishment* at this "*arguing*;" but, really, after the "*arguing*" that prices could fall no more than four-and-a-half percent, *because* there was only that difference, in 1819, between the market price of gold and paper-money, there was *nothing* that Mr. BENNET might not reasonably have expected from the same quarter. That the taxes do produce the distress; that the distress might be *wholly* removed by the removal of taxes; that this is the root of *all* the evil; that the taxes are taking away the means of paying rent; that they are transferring the ownership of the land to the loan-jobbers, stock-jobbers and Jews: all these have

been proved, over and over again, as clear as day-light ; but, reader, what you have to attend to here is the *reason* that has been given for believing the contrary. Pray remember *that reason* ; and remember, too, that it came from Mr. BROUGHAM'S *Oracle*, who is the " greatest arguer " that LORD DACRE ever saw !

I will not now go into the matter, but taxes do *assist* to some extent in *causing low prices*, under circumstances like the present. I mention this merely to guard against any assumption that I admit that they have not this effect. I know very well, that, if you put a tax of four-pence upon a pot of porter, that the pot must be *higher priced* than it was before ; but, does the farmer who sells the *barley* find a rise of price in consequence of this ? However, I will say no more of this at present, my object, just at this time, being, not to point the attention of the reader to the *fact* of Mr. Ricardo, but to his *argument*.

2. *The sinking fund is not to be touched.* That is to say, a parcel of money is still to be raised in taxes, not to *lessen* the Debt, for that is impossible, but to make the stock of the Fundholders *more valuable* than it would other-

wise be, while it is already of much too high a value. Upon this occasion, just as in 1816, this Mr. VANSITTART said, that this was the true way to *relieve agriculture* ! As how ? Why, by drawing up large parcels of money together by taxes, and thus enable the fundholders to *lend* the money to those *from whom it has been taken in taxes* ! Good God ! This is to give *relief* to the taxed party ! Yet this is just what the same man said in 1816. It does not signify talking : a nation in such hands *must* be plunged into misery, ruin and convulsion ! I shall come again to this, however, before I have done ; for, I have yet to speak of its *twin brother*, the *Erchequer Bill* project.

3. *That the Funds themselves are not to be reduced.*—Not without a *reform of the parliament* ; but, then they will, and that, too, to *some tune*. The pretty gentlemen knew, that if this, the *ark* of the system be once *touched*, the system goes, that is to say, the rotten *borough* system ; and, therefore, they shudder at the thought of touching it. If the landlords have any, even a very small portion, of brains left, they will, *in time*, put an end to the rotten *borough* system. They must now see, if they ever are to see, that

their estates, or the rotten boroughs, must go. Let them take their choice. If I were that revengeful man that *Scarlett* and *Brougham* had the audacity to describe me, I should hold fast to the debt, and pray for the preservation of the rotten boroughs for some years longer. But, in my very nature I abhor the *muck-worm*, and this antipathy overcomes even my just resentment against the owners of rotten boroughs.

4. *Peel's Bill is not to be repealed.*—Bravo! Stand to that, stern-path-of-duty men! Indeed it would be infamous to repeal this Bill. It would be robbery downright. Stand to that Bill, and all will be well with us; and that, too, in a short time. O, Mr. Peel! Well might your venerable sire hold you forth in his arms, when you were a baby, and dedicate you, upon the altar of your country, to be the high priest in the temple of the Pitt-system! Ah! but I want powers to do you justice. Bare-headed, and with my naked knees upon the ground, imagine me before you, slowly lifting up my eyes, and beseeching the honour to kiss that hand with which you drew the Bill.

5. *That a loan of five millions*

is to be made to the land-people, to afford them relief from their temporary embarrassments.—This loan is to be by way of *Exchequer Bills*; that is to say, *promissory notes*, to be issued by the pretty gentlemen at Whitehall. These will fetch money; and this money is to be lent to the farmers and landlords. Now imagine me, who am carrying on a concern, by which I am constantly losing in consequence of certain heavy permanent outgoings; imagine me borrowing money to help me along, while the cause of my loss still continues. Would you not think me mad to borrow for the sake of going on with such a concern at all; but what would you think of me, if I, at the same time, borrowed a part of my own outgoings? Here are the land-people first getting into debt by paying taxes to the government, and then borrowing from the government to pay taxes with!—*Whee-ee-ough!*—O, Lord! However, this is a trifle to what we shall yet see, before the end cometh!

The farmer does not want to borrow. No man wants to borrow to carry on a losing trade. There are lenders enough; but where is the security? If the farmer had security, he would not be in distress. This case is not like

that of the West Indians, who had *goods in warehouse*, and whose market had been stopped by mere temporary circumstances like those of French decrees. The farmer is in a state of *regular average decline of price*; and how is he to be *relieved by borrowing money*? Such a loan might lead him on to hope for "*better times*;" but, in the end, it could only make his ruin the more complete.

The landlord, who has security to give, may borrow. But, if he have *security* to offer, are there not fundlords enough to lend to him? If it is to be a gift, indeed, it may do him good for a while; but, as to a *loan* to him, from the government, too, it is only another dip into his estate. If not a *gift*, there must be *security*; the government takes the security; the government takes, thus, *hold of the estate*; and, what *I have long been looking for*, and long foretelling, this appears to be the *first step* towards the government taking an *actual possession* of all the lands! To this it *must come*, if the thing go on in the present way; for, there will be *no rents*; there can be *no sales* of lands that bring no rents; seizures cannot go on long; the land must be cultivated; the farmer will be the

tenant of the government, and will pay rent in the shape of taxes; and thus, at last, the rotten-borough gentlemen will have brought their affairs to an appropriate close; and the grand and long-protracted drama will wind up with strict poetic justice. In my Leave-taking Address, when I went off to America to avoid a dungeon, which I was in danger of *because* the Law-officers could find nothing to prosecute in my writings, I said: "In all human probability, the whole of the interest of the Debt and all the sinecures and pensions and salaries, and also the expences of a thundering standing army, will continue to be made up, by taxes, by loans from the Bank, by Exchequer-Bills, by every species of contrivance, to the last possible moment, and until the whole of the paper-system, amidst the war of opinions, of projects, of interests, and of passions, shall go to pieces like a ship upon the rocks."

What think ye now, stern-path men? Never shall I forget Lord Liverpool's speech upon that occasion, in which he told the House of Lords, that the *funds had risen in consequence of the passing of the power-of-imprisonment Bill!*

Perhaps another such a Bill might *relieve the farmers and landlords!* Ah! the time is come, when I have to look back with delight and triumph; and look *forward* too; for every one of my predictions *must* be fulfilled before this thing is over; and the nation *cannot avoid*, in the end, doing what I have, over and over again, recommended.

Let me now call the reader's attention to the *views* of the ministers. They think, that the landlords will be relieved by *loans* from the fundholders; and they say, for about the thousandth time, that the *sinking fund*, by facilitating these loans, is the most effectual thing in the world to *relieve* the landlords and farmers. They always appear to forget, that the *taxes of which the sinking fund* is composed are *first taken from the landlords and farmers!* This trifling circumstance, they always appear to forget. The notion of *relieving* the land in this way has been fast in their heads for many years. In 1816 it was first laid before parliament in an elaborate manner by our present Chancellor of the Exchequer. I then disposed of it pretty decently; but, the landlords had not *then* been squeezed quite enough. They, therefore, did not then

listen to me. They are not yet brought nearly to their *senses*, to their *proper* senses. They will by *next year!* But, *some* of them have been taxed into their senses now; and, for the benefit of the rest, I will repeat here what I said in 1816 upon this subject of *relieving the land by means of a sinking fund*; for, as others rob me without any sort of ceremony, I may, surely, *borrow a little from myself*, which, indeed, is peculiarly appropriate in a case where I am treating of this curious sort of lending to and borrowing from oneself.

It is notorious that the produce of the land has fallen more than one half in price. It is worth a half less than it was, upon an average, before the end of the war in 1814. It is also notorious, that this has not arisen from any peculiar circumstance in the *seasons*; or connected with the *crops*; but, from *a change in the value of the currency of the country*, and, how that change has been effected you have seen, in No. 2 of the Register, published at New York, where the whole mystery is clearly developed. This being the case, and the nominal amount of the taxes continuing the same as before, it is manifest, that, in reality,

the *land* pays *double* the tax that it paid before ; and, it is also manifest, that, if no alteration take place in the Civil List, in the pay of placemen, pensioners, and fundholders, these classes must, in a very few years, swallow up the whole fee-simple of the land.

The *operation*, which is to lead to this result, has been, unwittingly, very well explained by our little Chancellor of the Exchequer instating what he has been pleased to call his *remedy*. He says, " I intend to make no more *loans* ; but to continue to *raise taxes*, in order to pay the interest of the Debt in full, and, also, to keep up the *Sinking Fund* in full operation. The Sinking Fund is 14 millions a year. These will be laid out in the *buying up of Stock*, and thus will 14 millions a year be *let loose* and *thrown over the country* to ASSIST the *landowners* and *farmers*." That is to say, to assist them in *getting rid* of their estates ; for, that this would be the effect is as clear as day-light.

This gentleman, our Chancellor, seems to have read Adam Smith and Stuart, and to have got hold of a parcel of phrases, of which, if put to the test, I really do not believe he understands any thing at all of the meaning. They are

sets of words without any clear notions attached to them. He, to use the expression of our most valuable writer, " means not, " but blunders round about a " meaning." He tells us that his scheme is to *throw* 14 millions of capital every year *about the country*, and that, as the landlords and farmers will *get this capital into their hands*, it will afford them great and effectual *relief*. The poor man, who really is a very inoffensive, and used to be, a very modest man, does not appear to keep in his head, that these 14 millions are *first to be raised from the land in taxes*. But, how few heads are there in this world capable of tracing millions of taxes through their several movements to their results !

If, indeed, these 14 millions of money were distributed about the country after being brought from abroad, and without the landholders giving any thing *in exchange* for them, the *relief* would be not only effectual, but instantaneous. If the 14 millions were to be brought from abroad, or, even from some part of England, and paid to the fundholders, without having been first taken from the landholders ; (amongst whom I include internal traders who all depend on the land ;) then the

effect would be to afford *relief*, though in a slower and less effectual way. But, to suppose, that the landholders are to be *relieved* by being compelled *first* to pay 14 millions, and then to be enabled to borrow the same 14 millions, is an idea so absurd, so ridiculous, that one can hardly believe one's own eyes, when one sees it in *print*, and attributed to a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

To use illustrations which are a sort of mental leading-strings exposes the writer to the charge of presumption; because it seems to say, that he doubts of the capacity of his readers. Yet, in a general address like this, which pre-supposes an unacquaintance with the subject in a part, at least, of those under whose perusal it may fall, and whose pursuits may have withheld their minds from studies of this kind, I shall hope to be excused, if I here resort to this method of placing in the full glare this gross absurdity of affording *relief* by the means of taxation.

Suppose Giles Jolterhead, Esq. to have 20 farms, each of which yield him a gross rent of 200 pounds a year; and that he pays, out of his rent of 4,000*l.* a year, 1,000*l.* in taxes towards the expences of the government Debt. In consequence of an alteration

in the value of the currency, wheat falls from 14*s.* to 7*s.* a bushel. It is clear that his rents must fall from 4,000*l.* to 2,000*l.* a year; and, if he continue to pay 1,000*l.* a year towards the Debt, it is clear, that his spending income is, in fact, reduced to 1,000*l.* instead of 3,000*l.* a year. Thus far this is the real state of the landlords in England. But, while they are thus reduced, by the very same means, the fundholder's income is *raised*, and that, too, in the same proportion. Well, the situation of 'Squire Jolterhead is truly distressing. He lays down his *hounds* and three out of four of his hunters, and packs off a couple or three servants to begin with. People ask him *why*. He "likes *coureing* better." But, the *Greyhounds* are still expensive. The Taxgatherer comes thundering at the door; talks so loud (with his *hat* on all the while) that the servants hear his voice quite into the Hall. Away go the beautiful *Greyhounds* dancing and capering to the pippin-tree. Four or five more visits from the man with the ink-bottle at his button-hole send off a brace out of three gardeners, turn the close-shaven lawn into a rough bit of pasture, "Madam *liking* to "see sheep and cows grazing close "to the windows." Shooting is now

become the 'Squire's sole delight. The Taxgatherer still returns as regularly as old Time himself, and as Time pertinacious and irresistible in his course. What is now to be done? Are the dappled Pointers, with noses keener than the air itself and stanch as a rock; are they, and are the little true-bred Spaniels, with ears and dewlaps sweeping the ground, and with sport-anticipating tongues that would almost "create a soul under the ribs of death;" are all these too; are all the family favourites of a century, all to be destroyed "at one fell swoop?" Is their death-warrant signed in the book of taxes? Is their doom irrevocable? Is there no respite? "Parliament will *surely do something for us!*"

Thus exclaims 'Squire Jolterhead, sitting by his parlour fire, with poor old *Don* resting his chin on one knee, while *Bustle* is pawing the other, and both soliciting the applauding pat on the head, which solicitation, in former times would have been so graciously and gaily answered; but, instead of which their caresses awaken in the master's mind no feelings but those of sorrow, shame, and melancholy. He sees 'Squire Cracklouse, the Army Taylor, and 'Squire Turpen-

tine, the Spirit Contractor, and 'Squire Garbage the Meat Contractor, and 'Squire Beanmeal, the Biscuit and Bread Contractor, and 'Squire Glanders, the Horse Contractor, and an infinite number of others all sallying out around him with gay equipages or numerous troops of hunters and followers; and, while he is thus musing on his altered state, Madam awakens him with a proposition to apply to his friends in London to get places for his sons. "Don't tell me," says she, "why, who has so good a right as you to ask for places for your sons? Were you not the first man to sign your name to the resolutions for the support of the Bank when it stopped payment? And was it not you who called out the yeomanry cavalry to keep down Paine's Rights of Man and the Jacobins? Did you not fall out with one of your best friends because he blamed the sending the Scotch Reformers to Botany Bay? Did you not carry up an address to his Majesty when Peg Nicholson attempted his sacred life; aye, and you might have been made a Knight, too, and have made me a Lady, that you might, if you had had any regard for me." (*Weeping.*) "Come, come, my dear, never

"mind that now : let us think how
 "we can save the poor spaniels."
 —"Spaniels, indeed ! Think how
 "you can save your family.
 "Zounds ! go at once and get
 "places for your sons. What
 "have you been voting and bawl-
 "ing for, if you are to get nothing ?
 "Did you not go, at the risk of
 "your life, to disperse the Parlia-
 "mentary Reformers, and when
 "they laughed at you and called
 "you a chuckle-headed fool, did
 "you not charge them with high
 "treason ? Did you not keep us
 "up all night and remain booted
 "and spurred ready to set off with
 "your tenants to help put Burdett
 "into the Tower ? Did you not go
 "into mourning when Tooke and
 "Hardy were acquitted ? Did
 "you not get drunk as a beast,
 "and make all the neighbourhood
 "drunk and cram them with sheep
 "and oxen roasted whole, at the
 "Jubilee and when Bonaparte
 "was sent off to St. Helena ?
 "Have you not always stuck to
 "your loyalty ? would you ever
 "let us have any but a loyal
 "newspaper, and did you not turn
 "out your best tenant because he
 "would continue to take in Cob-
 "bett's Register ?"—"Yes, yes,
 "my dear, I know I did ; I know
 "very well that I did. But, pray
 "for God's sake, say no more

"about it: say no more about it."—
 "I will say more about it ; and I
 "say that your sons ought to have
 "places under government ; for,
 "I do not see why Mr. Crack-
 "louse, and Mr. Garbage, and
 "the rest of them are to get so
 "rich, and buy all the land up,
 "while we are compelled to lay
 "down our carriage, and ——"

A loud knock at the door puts
 an end to her harangue. The
 'Squire is all in a sweat for fear.
 It is not the Taxgatherer, how-
 ever, this time. It is the postboy
 with the COURIER, containing an
 account of the Chancellor's *re-*
medy. "A *remedy*, my dear !
 "Here it is. Fourteen millions
 "a year to be *thrown into* the
 "country to *relieve* the landed
 "interest."—"Fourteen mil-
 "lions, my dear : bless me !
 "How much do you think *we* shall
 "have ?" "I don't know . . . I
 "don't know . . . Let me see . . .
 "Fourteen millions to be *thrown*
 "*into the country.* But, then,
 "here is something about taxes
 "to the amount of the same four-
 "teen millions.—These, I sup-
 "pose, are to be taken from the
 "army tailors and contractors . . .
 "No . . . Let me see . . . I can't
 "make it out for my life." At
 last in comes the Apothecary,
 who has just been reading the

Register, and the difficult passage being submitted to him, he says: "Why, Sir, this is the Chancellor's meaning: Your 20 farms, that used to leave you 3,000 pounds a year after paying your annual share of the Debt, now leave you only 1,000 pounds. This plunges you into great distress; it makes you want money to live decently and to keep your pointers and spaniels. Therefore, the minister means to make *no more loans*, and to lay out 14 millions a year in purchasing stock of the Fundholders, who, when they have sold their stock, will have the money which you have paid in taxes to lend to you upon mortgage, or to give you in exchange for some of your farms; and, as your farms are now worth about 3,000 pounds each in the fee simple, and as you will want, to pay interest on all together, about 3,000 pounds a year, you may live as well as you have done for many years past, in consequence of this financial operation."

"Thank you, Mr. Lancet; thank you," says Madam, "I always told my sons, who listen, I am sorry to say it, to that Jacobin Cobbett, that the government would never desert

us who had been its best friends. I always told them that things would be brought about, and that they would have as good an estate as their papa has had before them."—"Oh! no, Madam," replies Mr. Lancet; "I did not say so. Your sons, Madam, will have *no estate at all*. The fundholders will have the estate in exchange for the money which they will give you, and which money you will have first given them in the shape of taxes."—"What! My sons no estate! My sons no estate!" Here a terrible knocking at the door announces the approach of the Taxgatherer, and the parties sneak into their chairs as quietly as mice.

I really do believe, that scenes very near resembling this are now, or soon will be, exhibiting in several parts of the country. There are hundreds of families, who have been of great consequence in their several neighbourhoods, who are now compelled to shut up their houses, lay down their carriages, and horses, and dogs, and servants, and to get away to France or Belgium, or hide themselves in lodgings in London or at Bath. Shame will not suffer them to remain, shorn of their means, at the country mansions, where

they and their ancestors have so long lived with considerable establishments, and where they have entertained people with hospitality. These people now begin to be alarmed; I mean such of them as are not wholly ruined in their fortunes; and, really, they have, generally speaking, acted so cowardly, so slavish, and so base a part, that there is very little pity due to them. They have not only been *passive* as to what has been doing against themselves; they have actively aided all the ministers from Pitt to Liverpool; they have been the bitter and persecuting enemies of reform. It was they, and that class who are called the Yeomanry, who were the chief *cause* of the war, by promoting addresses in favour of it, and by all sorts of exertions to prevent truth from circulating throughout the country. Verily they have their just reward! Never did reward more justly follow the deeds of men. They have now, in addition to their suffering of real pecuniary distress, the mortification to know, that they deserve it, and to see that, if they succeed in the opposition, which mere self-preservation is now urging them to make, they will owe that success to the co-operation of those whom

they have hitherto had the folly to shun, and, in some cases, the insolence to affect to despise.

There! Read that, Jolterheads! Take that! It is good for you; and, mind, do what you will, you will never have any *coaxing* from me. Be for reform, or against reform, the thing, to me, is the same. If you fall, I have no pity; for you can fall only through your own obstinacy and injustice.

Before I take my leave of this debate I must observe, that a notice was given of a motion to be made *next Monday*, on the subject of *Agricultural Distress*; and, by *whom*, think you? By Mr. Brougham! Whee-ee-ough! I wonder it had not been Mr. Scarlett! However, the thing is in *good hands*. We shall now hear of grand news indeed. None of your "*little remedies* and *big blunders*," I warrant you. I hope, as the *COURIER* says, I *fondly* hope, that Mr. Denman will second the motion; and then the landlords will have these two "*knights, keeping together in their chivalry*," to fight their battles against the twelve tribes of Israel. The foe is formidable; but, if he be to be subdued, these are the *champions*. Doubtless Mr. Brougham will in-

voked the shade of Saint Horner, and will call to his aid the second-sighted band of Edinburgh, whom, however, he will not, I hope, bring up here to London bodily, in their real proper persons; because, if he do, we silly loons o' th' Sooth must be off.

Mr. Brougham, who has snapped at this great subject with such laudable zeal, is well known to be inviolably attached "to national faith" as well as to Saint Horner's system of *cash-payments*. So that we may look forward, I think, for relief to spring from that admirable and amiable source, the grannies' schools. This will be a matter truly worthy of the school of *feelosofee*: to see a nation relieved in its money affairs; to see embarrassed tradesmen, farmers and landlords, all put into easy circumstances; to see pauperism disappear, and ease, prosperity, and happiness, come back at the call of *feelosofee*, made through the organs of little innocents at their horn-books! Oh! it will be a thing indeed for our children's children (if Mr. Scarlett's Bill should not put a stop to the breed) to talk of with wonder and delight!

This may lay the foundation of placing Mr. Brougham at the head of the "*finances*" of this

"great empire." We have *fared so well* in the hands of Lawyers!

Pitt was a lawyer and went the circuit; *Dundas* was a lawyer; *Addington* was a lawyer; *Lord Grenville* was a lawyer; *Perceval* was a lawyer; *Lord Liverpool* was a lawyer, though, I believe, not actually called to the bar; and, though last, really not least, our pretty little *Van* was a lawyer, and actually carried the brief bag to the Berkshire Quarter Sessions! Why not, Mr. Brougham, then? Nay, is it not natural? Is it not in the due course of things? He will now shew the landlords, that he has *remedies* in his bag, without that nasty thing called *reform*, which might hurt their feelings, and which, in all human probability, would toss him down never even to look up again, except after the manner of Dives in the parable. However, we shall see what his *remedies* are!

Before the business of the day began, LORD EBRINGTON, son of LORD FORTESCUE I believe, gave notice of a motion for *reform of the House of Commons*! This had some sense in it. And, if the counties all assemble, and petition for it, the thing will be done, and there will be a real remedy for all the difficulties of the country.

The estates of the Lords will be safe, and the *paupers will disappear*. There is no remedy but in a *very great reduction of the interest of the Debt*. This cannot be done till all the other expences be reduced to about six or seven millions. It would be barefaced robbery to touch the interest of the Debt till this last be done. This last cannot be done without a *reform*. And, therefore, there is no remedy; there is nothing but delusion, *without the reform*. Only let *the counties all meet*, and all petition for reform, and we shall soon see England once more England. It is my opinion, that the suffrage ought to be universal; but, as I have always said, if we ask too much, *give us less*; give us *something*; and do not say, that we shall have nothing at all, because you say we ask for more than is our due.

Let me caution the Lords against one thing here. They will find all the *lawyers* against any *real* reform. These dark-dressed gentlemen will *talk*, now-and-then, as if they wished it. But, if the Lords watch them, they will find, that, at bottom, they would rather see *civil war*! They will be whispering *doubts*, starting *difficulties*, inventing *imaginary dangers*. They know well,

that an honest reform would cast them down to their proper place; and, *if they can prevent it, they will*. However, once more, I say, *let all the counties meet and petition for reform*, and then all is safe; we are rescued from all danger, and England is once more great and free.

The man who talks about saving the estates without a very great reduction of the interest of the Debt, is either half-idiot or whole impostor; and he who would propose this without first reducing the other expences to six or seven millions at most, is a downright robber. Yet, as Mr. DUNCOMBE says, you must, in reducing taxes, take care of the *security* of the government against *disaffected* persons; that is reformers! Aye, this is the very pinch. And thus is reform reduced to a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Let Lord EBRINGTON and all the other Lords keep this constantly in their eye: the object is to *save their estates*, which the taxes are taking away; and which taxes can undergo no diminution worth speaking of, 'till the House of Commons be reformed and the common people be thereby cordially reconciled to the nobility and gentry.

Lest, however, I should excite hopes that may be disappointed,

let me briefly say what I think will be the result of this session of parliament. Many of the landlords and borough-lords have not yet arrived at a thorough sense of their danger. They will still *hope* that things will *come about*. Therefore, I think, they will hang back from reform. Some *little matter* will be done in the way of retrenchment, and *much will be promised*. Half the malt tax may be taken off. Some other little "*boon*," as Mr. CURWEN was so polite as to call the repeal of the plough-horse tax. And so we shall feel "*pretty well again*;" nicely recovering, without any of Cobbett's drastic drenches. By next January, however, the pinchings and gripings and racking pains will be greater than ever; the drastic remedies must be applied in a state of increased irritability, and it will be about an even bet, *kill or cure*. As to *Doctor Brougham*, though I wish I may be deceived, I cannot help fearing, that, from his close adherence to and connexion with the Edinburgh School, he will be very apt to consider the disorder as resembling in its nature that of a certain cutaneous malady, which, to avoid all national reflections, shall here be nameless, and that he will treat it accordingly; and,

therefore, let me, who know the patients' case so well, here, beforehand, beseech the Doctor, not to stench the poor devil with brimstone and flay him with hellebore, when he is actually dying of a consumption.

MESSRS. BIRKBECK & FLOWER,
*And their Settlement in the Illinois
Territory, in America.*

THE reader remembers, that, in the last part of the "*YEAR'S RESIDENCE*," which was published early in 1819, there are two letters addressed by me to *Mr. Birkbeck*, the chief object of which letters was to show, that this gentleman, from being too sanguine and too enthusiastic himself, had led, and was leading, many English farmers and their families to their ruin if not to an untimely end.—The statements in these letters, the predictions in them, have all been, by events, proved to be true. Hundreds, probably thousands and thousands, have been saved from ruin by them. This, however, brought on me, as it naturally would, the effects of the anger of *Mr. BIRKBECK*, who, instead of *contradicting* my statements, and of *showing my predictions to be erroneous*, has loaded me (as far

as he is able to load any body) with the offspring of his malevolence; and, while he was compelled *tacitly* to acknowledge the *justice* of my remarks, he has had the cool assurance to speak of my "*known disregard for truth*," and has thus made common cause with the vilest of all mankind.—The FLOWERS, that is to say, the other branch of this Association of wild speculators, have now, I see, made *their* attack, which is described in their advertisement thus :—" Letters "from the Illinois, 1820, 1821, "containing an account of the "English Settlement at Albion and "its vicinity, and a *Refutation* "of various mis-representations, "those more particularly of Mr. Cobbett, by Richard Flower, "with a Letter from M. Birkbeck; "and a Preface and Notes by "Benjamin Flower.—This work "affords an ample *illustration* of "the panegyric of Mr. Samuel "Wells, of Huntingdon, on his "friend Mr. Cobbett—'illus- "trious for his public and private "virtues.'!!!"—So, here are the whole band of the FLOWERS, that poor creature, BENJAMIN FLOWER, included, all setting upon me at once! What had I done, I wonder, to this man to draw forth his impotent forked tongue? What

had I done *to him* to induce him to put forth what he calls "*illustrations* of my *public* and *private* "virtues?" What! could not "Mr. WELLS's *panegyric*" pass without exciting wrath even in bones and rottenness! Just indeed was the judgment passed on envy: "on thy belly shalt thou walk, "and dust shalt thou eat, all the "days of thy life."—Let it be observed, that, in the whole course of my life, I have never uttered a word to the detriment of the acts or character of either of the Illinois Flowers; but, on the contrary, have, whenever I have had to name them, spoken of them with great respect; and, as to Benjamin Flower, he *never was named by me* upon any occasion. Yet, so much malice! Can the *motive* be good? Can it be *honest*? If I had *misrepresented*, why not *prove* it? Why not correct the misrepresentations; why not *reprove* me for them? Why abuse me? Why *sneer* at my "*public* and *private* virtues" in *answer* to misrepresentations about the Illinois? Suppose me to be the most mercenary and corrupt politician that ever lived; suppose me to be drunkard, glutton, adulterer, and thief; what has all this *to do with the settlement in the Illinois*? Very proper to expose me, and

to guard people's larders, cellars, wines and strong-boxes against me; but, what has this to do with the Illinois? And why *come to me, and consult me, before they went to the Illinois*, if my "public and private virtues" were such as ought to be "*illustrated*?" This is a question that the land-jobbers will do well to *answer*. That they *did* do this they cannot deny. Mr. Birkbeck and Mr. Richard Flower both came to me, at my house, in Catherine Street, in the Strand, in March 1817, to *consult me* as to their project. Mr. FLOWER had, the year before, written to me for *advice* with regard to a young man going out to America. Mr. George FLOWER (the son in America) asked me, soon afterwards, for *Letters of introduction to persons in America*, which he had from me. How now, then? What new discovery have they made about my "*public and private virtues*?" Is it the speech of that public-spirited, able, and excellent man, Mr. WELLS (whom I had never seen before in my life); is that speech the "*panegyric*," which has called forth all this gall?—No: not that *alone*. The *true account* that I gave of the Illinois is the main offence: the speech of Mr. WELLS has only set in motion the gall of

Mr. BENJAMIN FLOWER, who wonders, I dare say, how the devil it is, that nobody ever took it into their heads to make any such speech about *him*, who wrote so long and *so well*!—Reader, look at my conduct towards the transatlantic speculators. They came to consult me before they went. I begged of them not to go to *any new settlement*, and, above all things, not to attempt to *form a settlement*. I gave them all my *reasons*; laid before them *all the consequences* (just as they have happened!); I gave them *instances*; told them how many new settlements I *had seen*. In short, did every thing that the kindest of *brothers* could have done in such a case.—Well, Mr. BIRKBECK went off in 1817, little suspecting (when I gave him my advice) that *I should be in America before him*. Mr. RICHARD FLOWER and his family, including his son, GEORGE, (who had previously returned to England) landed at New York in May, 1818. I went to them. Mrs. FLOWER was a *cripple at the time from a recently broken thigh*. I begged of them to stop on Long Island a little while at any rate; offered them the use of my house, and, if that were not enough, pledged myself, that my kind

neighbours would accommodate them, and all this for no payment of any kind.—Mr. GEORGE FLOWER went home with me. I gave him garden seeds of all sorts, took him down again to New York, sent one of my family with a message to see if Mrs. FLOWER (for whom we felt very much) would come and remain with us, 'till she should gain strength. In short I did what it was, under such circumstances, my duty to do, acting, too, in conformity with the uniform example of my kind benevolent neighbours. — What must every just man think, then, of this *family of Flowers*, who, because I endeavoured to save others from the ruin and misery, from which I could not save them, have now joined themselves to *Walter and Bott-Smith!* Nor did I, in discharging this my duty towards my unfortunate countrymen, impute any *bad motives* to Messrs. Birkbeck and Flower. Nay, I performed this duty with *great reluctance*; and not till I was urged to do it by repeated proofs coming to my own knowledge, of the ruinous consequences of the delusion.—Then, observe, I wrote the two letters in the fall of 1818. I staid in America *a year after that*, and did not know how long I

should stay, Peel's Bill not having then been even talked of. So that, I was *there*, on the spot, to face those who were competent judges of the matter. And yet, after all this, I am to be "*il-lustrated*" by poor malignant BENJAMIN FLOWER. — However, let me now come to the *proof*. A Mr. ADLARD WELBY, who, in his title-page, calls himself an "*Esquire*," (though he laughs at the American '*Squires*'), yes, "ADLARD WELBY, Esq. of South Rauceby, near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire" has published a book, giving an account, amongst other things, of his *visit* to Mr. Birkbeck, in the fall of 1819, a year *later than the date of my Letters*; from which book, I am now going to make a quotation which will show, who has spoken *truth*, the Birkbecks and Flowers, or I.—It will be seen, from this quotation, that the state of the settlement is even *worse* than I had anticipated; that Mr. Birkbeck had **NO CROPS AT ALL** even in 1819, when he was to have had **A HUNDRED ACRES OF INDIAN CORN AND A HUNDRED ACRES OF WHEAT**. See *Year's Residence*, page 545. —Who, then, is "*known to have no regard to truth?*" Mr. BIRKBECK, who said this of me, or I,

who said, that this expectation was a *mere dream*?—Now, before I put this curious quotation before the reader, let me observe, that the author, 'Squire WELBY, has, or the printers at Stamford (R. Newcomb and Son) have for him, acted as foully towards me as the land-jobbers themselves have; for, in their paper of the 11th January, 1822, it is, at the head of a *puff* extract from the pamphlet, stated, that the thing is published "with a view of undeceiving those who have formed their judgment of America from the flattering pictures of Birkbeck and Cobbett!"—Reader, are there upon the earth viler reptiles than these? If 'Squire Welby did not write this puff, he, at least, saw it in circulation; for it is in his own county-news-paper; and, it was his duty to contradict the falsehood.—The fact is, his book contains nothing that the *Year's Residence* had not plainly foretold about the settlement, as the reader will see.—The main part of what the 'Squire says about the *Americans* is false. You can see, that he is a conceited coxcomb; *ill-tempered*, as all coxcombs are, because they never think that men do justice to their merits. His violation of the laws of *hospitality* is more flagrant than

any I ever read of before. He affects to *laugh* at an American who is called a 'Squire, when it is well known, that the word, in that country merely means *Justice of the Peace*; but he can put *Esquire* at the end of his own name, without any more claim to it than any farmer or tradesman of the county of Lincoln. Throughout the whole of the book you discover him to be a conceited, ill-tempered, suspicious, haughty, and insolent man, who, like FEARON, by false, or greatly exaggerated descriptions of manners and character, endeavours to take revenge for the contempt that he experienced amongst the Americans. Mr. Birkbeck seems not to have liked him much; and, therefore, I do not wish the reader to place reliance on any part of the statement, except that which relates to the *absence of all crops* on Mr. Birkbeck's land. Mind the manner in which he mentions "the *Journal of a Mr. Hulme*." And judge of his *sincerity* and *candour*, when I here assert, that, before the 'Squire went to America, he had *talked with my son William in London all about the matter and had got my Letters relating to Mr. Birkbeck*. The truth is, he went out with a view of being a *great man*;

found the people *insensible to his amazing merits*; and came home to take his revenge by *telling lies of them*; and for which they do not care a straw. His *insinuations* against a gentleman who took him home and treated him with the greatest kindness are *base* in the extreme: what he says about his being ready to *shoot him* is perfectly *atrocious*. The Americans will say, "if such be the '*Squires* of England, what must the common people be. He complains of the Americans for being *conceited*; that is to say, they were not ready to acknowledge *any thing very superior in him*." And, as for his charge of "their want of *good will* and *benevolence*," I declare it to be false and base; and so will every man, who knows the people and who will speak the truth. Therefore, knowing him to have falsified facts in so many instances; seeing such indubitable proofs of his bad disposition; of his suspiciousness; of his ill-temper, impatience, and proneness to calumniate, I do not quote him, even against the calumniator of myself, without warning the reader that he has great allowances to make. Having inserted his extract, I shall never bother myself with the subject again. Let the Birkbecks, Flowers,

and their partners, on this side of the water; let them lie away as long as they please; let those who choose to be the dupes of this set of *land-gamblers*, be their dupes. I have done *my duty* in warning them; and I have now something else to attend to.

" A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN THE ILLINOIS.

" ON the third morning we made early preparations for departure; and accepting gladly the offer of the builder for a guide, we took leave of *Marvel Hall*, and, not without considerable apprehensions of difficulties to come in getting away, started for the town of Albion, as the English settlement is called. According to expectation the way was not free from wood, bog, gully, and stump; but with the aid of day these obstacles were overcome without accident; and after having traversed several miles of woodland and prairie, covered with long grass and brushwood, and having lost our way once or twice, we at length crossed a narrow forest track, and rising an eminence entered upon the so-much-talked-of BOULTON HOUSE prairie; just as the sun in full front of us was setting majestically, tinging with his golden rays what appeared to be a widely extended and beautiful park, belted in the distance with woodland, over which the eye ranged afar. The ground was finely *undulated*, and here and there ornamented with interspersed clumps of the White Oak and other timber, in such forms that our picturesque planters of highest repute might fairly own themselves outdone. The effect was indeed

striking, and we halted to enjoy it until the last rays of the beautiful luminary told the necessity of hurrying on to the settlement, in search of quarters for the night; indulging by the way sanguine hopes of an English supper and comfort as a matter of course at an English settlement. The road was good, yet the length of way made it nearly dark when we drove up to the log tavern; before the door and dispersed, stood several groups of people, who seemed so earnest in discourse that they scarcely heeded us; others, many of whom were noisy from the effects of a visit to the whiskey store, crowded round to look at us; and amidst the general confusion as we carried the luggage in (having first obtained a bed-room,) I was not a little apprehensive of losing some of it. However, we got all safely stored, and taking the horses off led them into a straw-yard full of others, for there was no stable room to be had; and what was worse no water, not sufficient even to sprinkle over some Indian corn which we got for them. The landlord did all that lay in his power, but our own fare proved little better than that of our horses, which spoke volumes on the state of the settlement; some very rancid butter, a little sour bread, and some slices of lean fried beef, which it was vain to expect the teeth could penetrate, washed down by bad coffee sweetened with wild honey, formed our repast. We asked for eggs,—milk,—sugar,—salt; the answer to all was "We have none." The cows had strayed away for some days in search of water, of which the people could not obtain sufficient for their own ordinary drink; there being none for cattle, or to wash themselves, or clothes. After making such a meal as we could; and having spread our own sheets I laid down, *armed at all points*, that is, with gloves and stockings on, and a long rough

flannel dressing gown; and, thus defended, slept pretty well.

In the morning a request was sent to Mr. Birkbeck for some water, understanding that he had a plentifully supplied well;—the answer sent back was, that he made it a general rule to refuse every one: a similar application to Mr. Flower, however, met with a different fate, and the horses were not only well supplied, but a pitcher of good water was sent for our breakfast. If the first was not punished for his general refusal, the latter was rewarded for his grant by finding on his grounds and not far from his house, two days after, a plentiful spring of clear water, which immediately broke out on the first spit of earth's being removed. This real treasure I saw flowing; the discovery of it appeared miraculous, in the midst of so general a drought.

We now sallied out to take a view of the settlement, which is marked out not on prairie, but on woodland, only just partially cleared here and there, where a house is built; so that there is yet but little appearance of a town. A very neat roofed-in building for a market first attracts the eye; at one end, parted off with boards, and under the same roof, is a very decent place of worship; which is at present of a size sufficient for the place.

While we were viewing this edifice, a young Englishman introduced himself, with a welcome to us, and hopes expressed that I should settle among them; he was, I found, the medical man of the place, and in himself certainly formed one inducement to stay, for he seemed to be a very pleasant communicative man; he possessed a very prettily finished picturesque cottage, and seemed sanguine in his hopes of the suc-

cess of the settlement. We visited a wheelwright next; one of the many who had been induced by Mr. Birkbeck to emigrate soon after he himself left England:—The man's story is shortly this: he and his brother sailed for America; and were induced by Mr. B's "Notes," to leave the Eastern parts, where good employment was offered to them, and to repair to the Prairies. On arriving, he found none of the cottages ready for the reception of emigrants which *his reading* had led him to expect, nor any comforts whatever: he was hired, however, by Mr. B., and got a log hut erected; but for six months the food left for his subsistence was only some *reasty* bacon and Indian corn, with water, a considerable part of the time, completely muddy; while Mr. B., himself at Princetown and elsewhere, did not, as he might have done, send him any relief. On account of these hardships the man left him, set up for himself, and now has, he told me, plenty of work, but he seemed doubtful of the pay. These are the facts as related to me by others, and corroborated by the man:—If true, without some strong qualifying circumstances, I leave Mr. B. to settle with his conscience the bringing people out thus far, by his misrepresentations, to hopeless banishment; for return they cannot, though they would be glad so to do.

Our tavern-keeper, who was a very respectable farmer, left a good farm near Baldock in Hertfordshire, guided by Mr. Birkbeck's book, to find health, wealth, and freedom at Boulton-house Prairie: of the two first both himself and family were quickly getting rid, while they were absolutely working each day like horses, without one comfort left.—"How came you," said I, "to leave so good a farm as you had in England?"

His answer was, "Mr. Birkbeck's book."—"You would be glad now to return?" added I. "Sir," said he, "We must not think that way; we have buried our property in getting here, and must here remain!" Such facts as these are worth a thousand flattering theories on the other side; and another may be here added,—perhaps a salutary caution to Mr. B., if this should be the first intimation—that the angry feelings of the poor people who had been entrapped by the deceptive colouring of his writings, flashed out in true English threats of tossing him in a blanket! I abstain from comment upon this, my business being to state facts. I forbear too from respect for a man of good natural abilities; misled himself by a sanguine temper, which has been the cause of his misleading others: I will be silent too upon the subject of private differences, conceiving that public acts alone are those in which the public are interested, and ought to be inquisitive.

Mr. Flower followed up his seasonable supply of water, with a call and invitation to his house, which was gladly accepted; being much disgusted at the deplorable state of ill health, anxious looks, despair and discontent, depicted in so many faces around,—to relieve or even alleviate which we possessed no means.

The contrast to this at Mr. Flower's was violent and pleasing; there, we met with every polite and hospitable attention during our stay, and from thence alone we were grieved to depart. In the midst of these wilds the elegant repast and social converse were again, as if by magic, enjoyed; and in such agreeable dissipation of mind the purposes of the journey were perhaps too much lost sight of, and many inquiries neglected which are now causes of regret. We did

not fail however to explore the retreat of Mr. Morris Birkbeck,—a pleasant drive across the Prairie brought us to the Flat, at one extremity of which Mr. B. has established himself. We found him busy superintending the building of his house; the site of which is within twenty yards of his erection of logs, a square building divided into two rooms, as I heard, for we did not see the interior of this *sanctum sanctorum* from whence have been issued relations of so many snug cottages, with adjoining piggeries, cow-steads, gardens, and orchards; where the limbs of the poor emigrant were to find repose and his mind solace, not to mention the ranges of log rooms for the arch priest himself which were building two years ago; * all—all have vanished “into thin air,” except the humble primitive log building before mentioned. This serves the whole family, according to the cobbler’s song,

“For parlour, for kitchen and hall;”

and furnishes a proof, though perhaps not sufficient for every one, (the world is so incredulous,) of Mr. Birkbeck’s humility, for he certainly does not at present enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* whatever he may have in prospect.

Up to this log building with some meandering I drove; and seeing a little man, who by description received, appeared to be Major domo, I sent to tell him that an English traveller had called and begged to see his improvements; upon which he approached, and after salutation, turning towards and pointing to his primitive hut, observed that it was still his residence, to which so attached had he become that he should quit it with regret. He then drew my attention to his new

house, which he said, was building according to a promise made to his daughters; and he invited us to inspect it. Alighting, therefore, he led the way over a sufficiently commodious dwelling, no part of which was yet finished but the library, placed at the gable end on the first floor and the approach to it up a high flight of stairs on the outside of the house: here we found the Misses B.; they were engaged in some ornamental needle-work, and received us like sensible, agreeable girls. Upon the table lay a slate, an instrument upon which one of them plays; and every thing was well arrayed to give effect, as well as the sterling, good, and for a private library large assortment of books. A fine healthy boy, his son, came up and presented to us some bunches of wild grapes he had just gathered, the only refreshment I believe offered; and I took leave, after having in vain endeavoured to gain information as to his corn-crops, the success of clover, and other seeds.

This was strange, but not so particularly unaccountable as at the time I thought it; for, I afterwards learned he had not sown either one or the other, although he ventures to put forth this year in one of the American newspapers, what in charity we will suppose a day-dream—a pleasing mental deception, in the form of a letter in which he expresses himself thus: (I quote from memory, having mislaid the journal,) “We have now about as many acres of corn sown as there are settlers, that is seven hundred.”

Now, from the best inquiries I could make, there was not then two hundred and fifty acres sown in the whole settlement, and on Mr. Birkbeck’s ground not a rood! Therefore, it may be truly said, that the colony was still for its existence depending for bread upon the exertions of those who, from a

* Mr. Birkbeck’s letters from the Illinois.

distance of many miles, bought and brought corn and flour for the market. In corroboration, I will here insert an extract from a published journal by a Mr. Hulme, formerly a great bleacher near Manchester, and a friend of Mr. B. who had lately paid him a visit. Mr. H. writes, "The whole of his operations had been directed hitherto (and wisely in my opinion,) to building, fencing, and other important preparations. He had *done nothing in the cultivating way but make a good garden*, which supplies him with the only things that he cannot purchase, and purchase too with more economy than he could grow them."

This Mr. Hulme knew the comforts and cheapness of Philadelphia, and its market, too well to think of settling at Boulton-house Prairie; besides, he evidently sneers, as much as a friend can, at the choice of situation Mr. B. has made, because it appears not to possess any of the capabilities for mills, &c.: he adds, "I was rather disappointed, or sorry at any rate, not to find near Mr. Birkbeck's any of the means for machinery, such as water-falls, minerals, and mines; some of those however he may yet find."

Thus has Mr. B. chosen to build a house, plant a garden, and dwell in a situation where he cannot grow corn so cheap as he can purchase it, and have it conveyed at a considerable expence from the settlement of Harmony, distant above twenty miles; in a situation too, which if it have any recommendation at all, it must be for the purposes of agriculture, for others it has none that are yet discovered. This may be to the taste, and it may suit the purse of Mr. B. and no one could fairly find fault with him for pleasing himself; but, when he steps beyond this line, and publishes plausible representations to

induce others to seek fortune and independence in such situations, he is then doing that which he has no right to do, and has much to answer for: he has led people into this wilderness where, for any thing he has done, they may in vain look around for the expected shelter; they will see only Mr. B.'s house and garden, and perhaps two or three log huts which at present constitute the whole of the new town of Wansborough; in short, he seems only to have thought of himself and to have falsified his public promises. I believe it to be a fact that the colony could not have outlived the winter of 1818, but that the whole must have been dispersed or starved, had it not been for the exertions of Mr. Flower; who perceived in time the coming want, and at considerable trouble and expence obtained a sufficient and timely supply. Mr. Birkbeck, in his publication, inveighs strongly against land-jobbing; yet if I am correctly informed he has obtained and is now gaining great profits by it,—he has entered as many as thirty thousand acres, which he now disposes of in lots as high, where he can, as four dollars per acre; it seems indeed to be his only business, to carry on which with better success he has given to others, it is said, an interest in the concern to find out and bring in purchasers of more money than judgment. One of these jackals, reported to be so employed, I met with on the road.

Having said thus much of an individual who has become noted for promissory books, and who therefore deserves to be noted for non-performance, let us turn to the contemplation of that which has been accomplished by those who did not promise any thing, but who have done much. Mr. Flower, ably assisted by his father and in conjunction with a few others, has formed the settlement of New Albion, (an auspicious name;) and

notwithstanding the miserably unprovided state in which I found it, much had certainly been done, and more was rapidly doing towards rendering the place habitable. Among other well-judged resolutions, they had determined, that in future all the houses should be substantially built of bricks, for the manufacture of which they have, as I understood, plenty of good clay in the neighbourhood.

A neat covered market, and place of worship, as before observed, had been finished and opened to the public; to which I have to add that a roomy boarding house and tavern were half up; a store (shop) pretty well supplied was opened; a wheelwright has been already mentioned: besides this trade many other artisans had come in, and the chief want was a sufficiency of the several materials of their business to work upon; but fair expectations may be entertained that, ere this account shall be published, the place will have become well supplied with most of the common comforts of life, not excepting the essential of water.

It clearly appears, that at present the produce of the earth can be *bought* cheaper than it can be *grown* here; but let us look forward to the period when this shall not be the case, and the time must surely soon arrive or the colony cannot long exist:—What then will be the prospect of a market that the settler will have for the produce, which shall be more than the consumption of the neighbourhood! It is this,—at about twelve miles distance is a place called Bon Pas, consisting of a tavern and two or three houses, situated upon a creek communicating with the Waybash river; to this creek, (the mud in which not always allowing boats to come up it,) as the nearest point

from the English settlement to water carriage, all the corn and other exportable produce must be hauled by land; to be conveyed in boats down to Shawnee town on the Ohio, (sixty miles,) and thence down that river and the Mississippi to New Orleans: there to be shipped either for Europe, or for the eastern ports of America. It must be obvious then, that the price which can possibly be allowed to the western grower, in order to meet the eastern farmer on equal terms in his own market, must ever make the business of the first a comparatively bad one: and as it is thus in the American markets so will it be in Europe; the freight from the eastern ports being so much less, as the distance is less, and navigation safer;—but against this manifest disadvantage may be set the supposed greater fertility of the western country, and the less price of the land per acre: but it will never do.—These advantages, if granted, are more than counterbalanced by the higher price of all the imported articles of common consumption.

The best hope of the English settlement must be, that in the common course of events, the time may arrive when the population will be sufficient to make its own markets; and awaiting that period they must be resigned to sink their immediate interests in the prospect of laying the foundation of future fortune for their posterity. Meanwhile, it may have attractions for many; whether on account of their principles religious or political, from general turn of mind, or misfortunes met with elsewhere: to such it may afford an asylum: but let none forget that the comforts of life are more than cent per cent dearer (and many are not to be obtained at all,) than they are in the eastern States; and that for this cause, more than the climate it is, that health is far more likely

to be preserved in the old settled country, than here.

The strange heterogeneous mixture of characters which are collected hither by the magic pen of Morris Birkbeck, is truly ludicrous. Among many others, a couple now attend to the store at Albion who lately lived in a dashing style in London not far from Bond-street; the lady brought over her white sattin shoes and gay dresses, rich carpets, and every thing but what in such a place she would require; yet I understand that they have accommodated themselves to their new situations, hand out the plumbs, sugar whiskey, &c., with tolerable grace, and at least "do not seem to mind it." At Bon Pas we sat down to a wild turkey with a party among whom was an *exquisite*, so complete, that had it been the age of genies I should have thought it had been pounced upon while lounging along Rotten-row, whirled through the air, and for sport set down in this wilderness to astonish the natives: the whole has truly a most pantomimic effect, and Momus might keep his court at this anomalous scene, and laugh to his full content.

Let us now bid adieu to the English Settlement, my sentiments respecting which are, from what has been said, so obvious as to render any thing more unnecessary. We are taking the road to the German settlement called Harmony, and will only stop the wheels to make mention of the very complete farm yards and surrounding buildings, which Mr. Flower has erected; also of his flock, consisting of upwards of four hundred sheep, which has been collected in a very short space of time and part of which he brought from England; these feed during the day upon the prairies, and are brought into the

yards at night for safety from the wolves and bears.* A yoke of fine oxen too were daily ploughing for him the prairie land, and preparing a considerable breadth of it for cultivation:—But though men of capital may thus in great measure bring many of their comforts with them, and attract others, yet after all that can be said of this place it is at present a bad concern; from which it was with no small pleasure that I knew myself in a situation to get away; and many,—many expressed themselves to be of the same opinion, though with rueful faces, for they were obliged to stay, having spent their all to get there."

* A relation of Mr. Flower's shot a bear during my stay.

TO THE
FARMERS AT CHICHESTER.

Kensington, 7th Feb. 1822.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM very sorry to have occasioned you any disappointment. Unexpected illness in my family, which would have made the time of my absence a season of great anxiety, prevented me from going to Exeter, where I intended to be on the first of this month. The same cause still existed on the

first of the month, and therefore I wrote to the gentleman who had kindly invited me to Chichester, to inform him, in time, of the circumstance. Before the appointed time, the cause of my wish not to leave home had ceased; but, it was then too late to undo what had been done by my letter of the first of the month. I hope, that you will think this apology sufficient; and, if you think my company of any value, I have only to

add, that I will be at Chichester on Wednesday, the *twentieth* of this month, when I shall be better able than I should have been last Wednesday to tell you *what really are the prospects before you*. I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

WM. COBBETT.